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## How the "Limited" Was Saved



IT IS known to only a few that the narrow escape of the "Overland Limited" train was the final factor in moving former President Horace G. Burt and Chief Engineer J. B. Berry to recommend the rebuilding of the mountain division of the Union Pacific.

It is a fact, however, that the management of the road had had under consideration for many months the project of constructing practically a new railroad over the mountains, but the expense, more than \$30,000,000, according to estimates, was enough to stagger even the most progressive railroad management six years ago. Both Mr. Burt and his chief engineer, however, knew that Edward H. Harriman would not stop at expense provided the ultimate and commensurate good of the property could be foretold with reasonable certainty.

When the matter was wavering in the balance along came the awful night of December 23, when the storm giants of the Rockies seemed to have united to produce widespread and tremendous chaos. Such a night the oldest mountain railroad had never before experienced and for 48 hours trains crept along at a snail's pace, bereft of the friendly aid of the dispatcher. It was when the chaos-producing revel of the elements was at its height that the "Overland Limited" ran sheer to the brink of the Dale creek chasm and then stood there as if uncertain whether it were best to take the plunge of more than 1,000 feet to the swollen river and the serrated rocks below.

The next day President Burt declared that the Dale creek trestle must go, whatever the cost, and go it did, despite the fact that it took more than \$3,000,000 of the company's surplus revenues to construct the new line around it. The story of that night and of the almost miraculous escape of the Limited has few parallels even in the history of hazardous mountain railroading. Dale creek, usually an inoffensive streamlet, wends its way through the Lone Tree gulch, which is at the very summit of Sherman pass, more than 8,000 feet above sea level. It was almost impossible to fill it, so the company constructed a wooden, and later a steel, trestle, spanning its yawning depths. The trestle was within a few hundred feet of the Natural Fort near the summit of the pass. This fort was well named, for it resembles the miniature crater of an extinct volcano. Here and there its sides are perforated with natural portholes, and around about it is a sheer descent of anywhere between 100 and 1,000 feet. Well provisioned, within its walls a few could easily defend themselves against an army. And this is just what a band of noted bandits once did in the Natural Fort. Driven to bay by a Wyoming posse, four bandits held this fort for nearly a month, until starved into surrender.

Picturesque in its surroundings, Dale creek trestle was also in the midst of legendary lore and of early frontier history. Less than a half-mile west was Tie Siding, the toughest town in Wyoming, which was the end of the limit as to reputation in those days. Tie Siding was just what its name implied—the place where the ties and other railroad supplies for construction and renewal were dumped for use. Nestling in the side of the mountain pass, Tie Siding was as forlorn-looking a collection of board shanties as one would care to see. It had its attractions, however, for those excommunicated by the law and hunted by the authorities.

This fact undoubtedly accounted for the presence of "Red" McCann, who had swung himself from the front end of the blind baggage the day previous to the big storm. The less one said about "Red" McCann when he was alive the better it was for his anatomy. His record was called "bad" in a territory where ordinary compound cussedness went unchallenged. The afternoon of McCann's arrival it began to rain gently, then to the south appeared a miniature thunderstorm, which sailed along prettily between heaven and earth and below the level of the summit. It was soon followed by others in other quarters, until the denizens of Tie Siding witnessed the phenomena of eight separate and distinct thunderstorms raging about them, while they themselves remained rainless.

Those who have had the pleasure of witnessing such a magnificent display of nature's forces from the top of a mountain can never forget the awe which it inspires and the sentiment it creates.

Perhaps it was this that may have touched the good and noble which must have lain dormant deep in the heart of "Red" McCann, Wyoming's noted outlaw. Perhaps it was the tear-stained letter which they found in his pocket the next day, written by a heart-broken mother in the east. At any rate, there was something which moved "Red" McCann to save the "Overland Limited" at the cost of his own worthless life, and thereby expiate so far as possible his many crimes.

By sunset the storm had reached the summit of the pass and was raging with a fury almost inconceivable in strength and grandeur. Dale creek had become a swollen, roaring, swirling, maddened

torrent during the few short afternoon hours and the risen waters were undermining the trestle abutments and beating with tremendous force upon the underframing. The east-bound through freight was stopped at Tie Siding by the trackwalker, who declared that the trestle was unsafe and that it would not stand the hurricane of wind and water more than an hour.

"How about the limited?" asked the conductor of the freight.

"She's due at the Siding in an hour, and all the wires on the mountain division are down. There isn't time to go around and stop her; unless some one will cross the trestle she's fated."

"Will no one undertake to cross? The trestle will hold the weight of a man."

"I know, but I don't believe there's a man living could cross there to-night. The wind would sweep a train from the track, so powerful are the blasts above the center of the gulch, where there is nothing to break its fury. I've tried it several times, only to be glad to retrace my journey. The best I could do was a third of the way over."

The freight conductor was a powerful man and a brave one. The limited must be warned at any cost. Falling upon his hands and knees and slinging a red lantern on his arm he began to creep out upon the swaying trestle. Slowly he went from tie to tie, clinging desperately to the rail when the gusts came. Nearing the middle of the bridge he realized that he could proceed no further and would be fortunate if his strength lasted until he returned to his starting point. To the anxious group awaiting him he declared that the task was beyond human effort. The distant rumble of the overland as he labored up the mountain grades came faintly to the ears of anxious watchers. Was it possible that nothing could be done to save the four score lives she was known to be carrying? "Red" McCann, who had joined the group, suddenly asked: "What is a fellow to do if he should get over there?"

"Just swing a red lantern across the track. That's all."

"That's easy. I guess I'll try."

Taking the lantern from the conductor he placed it underneath his coat, securely buttoning it in, and started on his perilous trip. The wind had increased in violence and the trestle was swaying and creaking and groaning as it was shaken by the fury of the storm. "Red" McCann reached the center of the trestle in safety, where he was seen to crouch with his arms and legs entwined about the rail. At each effort to proceed the eager watchers could plainly discern that he was forced to quickly entwine himself about the rail to prevent being blown into space.

Again and again the effort was renewed, only to be met with failure. The rumble of the Overland now came plainly to the ears of all, and evidently "Red" McCann, with his ear close to the rail, had heard it more plainly than anyone.

"The task's beyond human strength," groaned the freight conductor.

"McCann's moving again," shouted the station agent, excitedly. The outlaw had evidently realized that if he accomplished his purpose it would be only by one almost superhuman effort, and he



ENGULFED IN THE STORM.

had been resting for the supreme test. The little group watched him as he crept along, apparently in defiance of the wind, until it seemed that he must succeed. Then there came a moment of suspense. McCann paused and drew his lantern from beneath his coat. As he did so a redoubled blast swept up the gulch and caught him fairly. There was a momentary struggle, then the gale whipped the outlaw into its grasp and shriekingly threw him ten feet above the trestle.

As he arose in the arms of the gale, McCann swung his red light once and then disappeared, engulfed in the storm and the swirling waters below. Owing to the fact that engineers had been warned to always keep a sharp lookout upon approaching Dale creek trestle, Dan Mahoney, in charge of the Overland that night, caught the flash of the red light as it was swung by the hand of the dying bandit. The next morning the searching party found the mangled remains of "Red" McCann upon the rocks far down Lone Tree gulch, where the subsiding waters had left them. In a pocket of his coat was the letter from home. In the letter was the following line:

"My Darling Son:—Although your sins have caused you to be shunned by all and proscribed by the law, your heart-broken mother knows that some day you will redeem your past and yourself."

"His old mother knew best," remarked the leader as he tenderly assisted in the rescue of "Red" McCann's remains.—Chicago Record-Herald.

A fog in the Atlantic ocean is generally about 30 miles in diameter.

## Liver Disease.

THE liver is the great filtering apparatus of the alimentative, or digestive, system. It filters the poison-loaded bile out of the blood.

When the liver lacks active capacity to do this work, then the bile passes through into the general circulation and begins its poisonous work. Through the circulation of the blood it is disseminated throughout the body, gradually sapping the strength, clouding the brain, weighing down the energies, weakening the heart's action, infecting and undermining the system. Eventually the poison begins to accumulate at the skin, the kidneys, the bronchial tubes, or the lungs, until at last it settles and fastens itself at some point, which location may be far away from the liver; yet it is stagnation or congestion of the liver which is the immediate cause of the whole trouble.

### SYMPTOMS OF LIVER COMPLAINT.

Not unfrequently, in liver disease, the complexion becomes pale and sallow, there may be frequent attacks of bilious or sick headache, bitter taste in the mouth, tongue coated white, or covered with a brown fur, unnatural, dry, harsh, or scaly condition of the skin, or branny eruptions, pimples, dark blotches, and troublesome itching. There are likely to be "backache" of the spine and a decided tendency to depression and a decided tendency to be discouraged and despondent. There is loss or irregularity of appetite, uneasiness in region of the stomach, oppression,

sometimes sour stomach, "heartburn," nausea and "water-brash," flatulency, and acid eructations; the bowels become irregular, usually constipated, and occasionally subject to diarrhea, attended with colicky pains. The foregoing symptoms are not all present in any one case, nor are any two cases alike in every respect.

The only way to help a disordered liver is to treat it as it is:—the great, organic, human filter. Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cleanses and clears it; invigorates and revitalizes this most important organ by its wonderful alterative power. For biliousness, indigestion, weak stomach, and kindred ailments, the "Golden Medical Discovery" is a most efficient remedy.

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